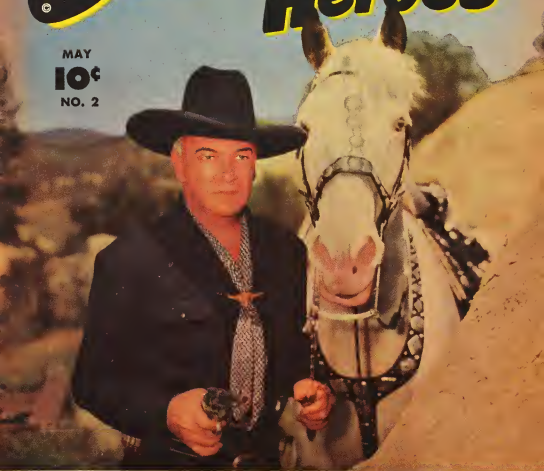


A Fawcett Publication

# Six-Gun Heroes

MAY  
**10¢**  
NO. 2



**IN  
THIS ISSUE:  
THE RODEO  
SWINDLER!**



HOPALONG CASSIDY



SMILEY BURNETTE



ROCKY LANE

# LAMEBRAIN LEM

**SURPRISING CHARACTER!**



HEY, LAMEBRAIN, WHAT ARE YUH DOING IN TOWN THIS TIME OF DAY? HOW COME YO'RE NOT AT THE RANCH?

I LEFT THAR!

HUH? YUH LEFT YORE JOB AT THE RANCH?

THAT'S RIGHT!

RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY?

YES, SIREE!

I RECKON YORE BOSS WAS SHORE SURPRISED WHEN HE KNEW YUH WERE LEAVING!

NAW----

--- HE KNEW IT BEFORE I DID!



## SIX-GUN HEROES •

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*W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President*



**T**HE TOP POSITION IN ANY FIELD OF ENDEAVOR CAN ONLY BE REACHED WITH THE SKILL AND EXPERIENCE THAT COMES FROM YEARS OF HARD WORK! THERE ARE SOME CRITTERS, HOWEVER, WHO THINK THAT WITH MONEY THEY CAN BUY THEIR WAY TO THE TOP! IT'S ONE OF THESE HOMBRES WHO SENDS THE TWIN RIVER SHERIFF, HOPALONG CASSIDY, INTO ONE OF HIS MOST BAFFLING CAREERS AS HE TRIES TO TURN CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE AGAINST THE RODEO SWINDLER!

SIX-GUN HEROES, May, 1950, Vol. 1, No. 2, is published bi-monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. Second class entry applied for at the post office, Greenwich, Conn., with additional entry applied for at St. Louis, Mo. Copyright 1950 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Trademark of Fawcett Publications, Inc. Editorial and advertising offices, 67 West 44th St., N. Y. 18, N. Y. Send remittances and letters concerning subscriptions, change of address, etc., to Circulation Dept., Fawcett Pl., Greenwich, Conn. Subscription rate 12 issues for \$1.20 in U. S., possessions and Canada. Foreign, \$1.70 in international money order, U. S. funds. Printed in U. S. A.

AT THE TWIN RIVER JAILHOUSE ---

FROM THAT SMILE ON YOUR FACE, SAM, I'D SAY YOU JUST RECEIVED GOOD NEWS!

I SURE DID, HOPALONG! THIS LETTER IS FROM MY SON, BOB. HE LANDED A JOB WITH THE RODEO IN DORSET CITY. I'M GOING TO SEND HIM FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS SO HE CAN BECOME THE STAR OF THE SHOW!

I'VE HEARD OF RODEO FOLKS WHO WERE SO OUTSTANDING THAT THEY BECAME THE STARS OF THEIR SHOWS, BUT I NEVER HEARD OF ANYONE BUYING TOP BILLING!

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, HOPALONG, BUT BOB'S MY ONLY SON AND IF I CAN MAKE HIM HAPPY, I AIM TO SEND THE MONEY TO HIM!

A WEEK LATER ---  
HOWDY, SAM! HAS YOUR SON BECOME STAR OF THE RODEO YET?

NOT YET, HOPALONG! THE MANAGER, HAMILTON, TOLLS HIM IT'LL BE ANY DAY NOW!

MEANWHILE, AT THE DORSET CITY RODEO ---

WELL, MR. HAMILTON, WHEN ARE YUH MAKING ME THE STAR OF THE RODEO?

FOR THE LAST TIME, SONDOWN, I'M TELLING YUH TO STOP PESTERING ME! IF YUH WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH, YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO BECOME THE STAR!

DORSET CITY RODEO  
TWO SHOWS A WEEK  
BIG PRIZES

THEN GIVE ME BACK MY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

I USED THAT MONEY TO PAY OFF A GAMBLING DEBT!

IN THAT CASE, I'M GOING TO TELL THE LOCAL SHERIFF ABOUT THIS!

YOU'VE NO PROOF THAT YUH GAVE ME FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS! IT'S A CASE OF YORE WORD AGAINST MINE!

YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THAT, HAMILTON! BUT DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO LET YUH MAKE A FOOL OUT OF ME! YOU'LL EITHER RETURN MY MONEY OR I'LL BREAK YORE NECK!

YOU'RE NOT BREAKING ANYBODY'S NECK!

OOOH!

CONK!



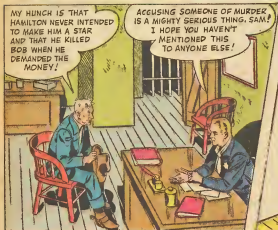
WEEKS LATER, IN TWIN RIVER ---

--- AND WHEN I HADN'T HEARD FROM BOB IN OVER A WEEK, I GOT WORRIED AND RODE OVER TO DORSET CITY! HAMILTON, THE MANAGER OF THE RODEO, TOLD ME BOB DIED OF SMALLPOX!

THAT'S TOO BAD! YOU HAVE MY DEEPEST SYMPATHY!



THANK YUH, HOPALONG! BUT I STILL FEEL AS IF SOMETHING'S WRONG! IN THE LAST LETTER BOB WROTE ME, HE SAID THAT HE WAS TIRED OF HAMILTON'S STALLING HIM! HE SAID IF HE WASN'T MADE A STAR PRONTO, HE WAS GOING TO ASK FER THE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS BACK!

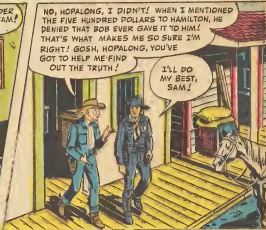


MY HUNCH IS THAT HAMILTON NEVER INTENDED TO MAKE HIM A STAR AND THAT HE KILLED BOB WHEN HE DEMANDED THE MONEY!

ACCUSING SOMEONE OF MURDER IS A MIGHTY SERIOUS THING, SAM! I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T MENTIONED THIS TO ANYONE ELSE!

NO, HOPALONG, I DIDN'T! WHEN I MENTIONED THE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS TO HAMILTON, HE DENIED THAT BOB EVER GAVE IT TO HIM! THAT'S WHAT MAKES ME SO SURE I'M RIGHT! GOSH, HOPALONG, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME FIND OUT THE TRUTH!

I'LL DO MY BEST, SAM!



AT THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE IN DORSET CITY ---

I'VE DOUBLE-CHECKED MY RECORDS! I HAVEN'T HAD A SMALLPOX CASE IN YEARS!

WELL, WOULDN'T IT BE ODD IF SOMEONE AROUND HERE HAD SMALLPOX AND YOU WEREN'T CALLED IN -- ESPECIALLY SINCE YOU'RE THE ONLY DOCTOR IN TOWN?



DEFINITELY!  
I CAN'T SEE HOW  
ANYONE COULD  
EVEN BE SURE  
IT WAS SMALLPOX  
UNLESS THEY  
CALLED ME IN!

THERE REALLY IS  
SOMETHING TO  
SAM SONDOWN'S  
HUNCH! IT SEEMS  
UNLIKELY THAT  
BOB COULD HAVE  
DIED OF SMALLPOX  
WITHOUT THE DOCTOR  
BEING CALLED IN!



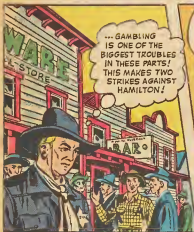
---IT COULD MEAN  
THAT HAMILTON KILLED HIM  
TO COVER UP THE FIVE HUNDRED  
DOLLARS HE SWINDLED! OF COURSE,  
THIS IS PURELY CIRCUMSTANTIAL  
EVIDENCE, BUT IT IS STRIKE  
ONE AGAINST HAMILTON!  
NOW TO VISIT THE  
GAMBLING CASINO!



AT THE GAMBLING CASINO ---

THAT'S RIGHT!  
HAMILTON DID  
OWE ME A LOT  
OF MONEY FOR  
HIS GAMBLING  
DEBTS! A  
THOUSAND DOLLARS,  
TO BE EXACT! HE  
GAVE ME FIVE  
HUNDRED DOLLARS  
JUST A FEW WEEKS  
AGO!

THERE'S ONLY ONE  
REASON WHY A MAN  
WHO HAS A GOOD  
JOB RUNNING A  
RODEO WOULD  
TRY TO SWINDLE  
SOMEONE OUT OF  
FIVE HUNDRED  
DOLLARS! BECAUSE HE'S  
IN TROUBLE ---  
AND ---



--- GAMBLING  
IS ONE OF THE  
BIGGEST TROUBLES  
IN THESE PARTS!  
THIS MAKES TWO  
STRIKES AGAINST  
HAMILTON!

NOW WHAT I NEED IS SOME  
CONCRETE EVIDENCE SO I CAN  
PUT THE FINAL STRIKE ON  
HAMILTON! HE DOESN'T KNOW  
ME --- MAYBE, IF I REMOVE  
THIS BADGE, I CAN GET  
A JOB AT  
HIS RODEO!

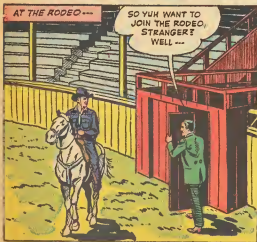


HE STILL OWES  
A FIVE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR  
GAMBLING DEBT, SO HE  
MAY TRY THE SAME  
TRICK ON ME!



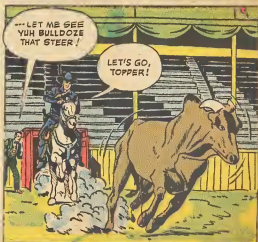
AT THE RODEO ---

SO YUH WANT TO  
JOIN THE RODEO,  
STRANGER?  
WELL ---



--- LET ME SEE  
YUH BULLDOZE  
THAT STEER!

LET'S GO,  
TOPPER!







WOW! YOU'RE GOOD, MISTER! IF YUH HAD FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, I COULD MAKE YUH THE STAR OF THIS HYAR RODEO!



FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS? I DON'T HAVE IT WITH ME, BUT I COULD GET IT BY TOMORROW MORNING!

OKAY! IN THE MEANWHILE YUH CAN BUNK WITH THE REST OF THE PERFORMERS IN THAT SHACK!



LATE THAT NIGHT, WHEN EVERYONE'S ASLEEP ---

IT'S A LITTLE LATE FOR VISITING, BUT WE'VE GOT TO WAKE UP THE LOCAL BANKER! IF HE'LL GIVE ME FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN MARKED BILLS ---



--- I'LL TURN THEM OVER TO HAMILTON! THEN WHEN HE TRIES TO DENY I GAVE HIM THE MONEY, LIKE I THINK HE DID WITH BOB SONDOWN, THE MARKED BILLS WILL BE ALL THE PROOF I NEED TO PUT HIM BEHIND BARS!



BUT AS HOPALONG MAKES HIS WAY TO THE BANKER'S HOME, HE DOESN'T REALIZE HE'S BEING FOLLOWED ---

OF COURSE, I'LL BE GLAD TO LEND YOU FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN MARKED BILLS, HOPALONG CASSIDY! YOU'RE THE FAMOUS SHERIFF FROM TWIN RIVER! IF YOU'LL JUST WAIT TILL I SLIP SOME CLOTHES ON, I'LL GO RIGHT OVER TO THE BANK AND GET IT FOR YOU!

HOPALONG CASSIDY! IT'S A LUCKY THING I GOT SUSPICIOUS ABOUT WHERE A STRANGER COULD GET FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS OVERNIGHT OR I'D NEVER HAVE FOLLOWED HIM!

TWIN RIVER! THAT'S WHERE BOB SONDOWN CAME FROM! HE'S OUT TO TRAP ME! WELL, WE'LL SEE WHO GETS TRAPPED!



AFTER HOPALONG GETS THE MARKED MONEY FROM THE BANKER, HE HURRIES BACK TO THE RODEO ---

NOW TO SNEAK BACK INTO MY BUNK BEFORE ANYONE REALIZES I'VE BEEN GONE! THEN IN THE MORNING I'LL HAND THE MARKED MONEY OVER TO HAMILTON!



# SIX GUN HEROES

BUT AS HE TRIES TO CLIMB INSIDE---

OOOHH!

CONK!

WHERE DID HE  
PUT THE  
MARKED  
MONEY?

HYAR IT IS,  
IN HIS  
POCKET!

I'LL TOSS HIM DOWN  
THE WELL SO  
HE'LL DROWN!

IT WOULDN'T BE SAFE TO  
TRY TO USE THIS MARKED MONEY  
IN THIS TOWN, BUT WITH  
HOPALONG OUT OF  
THE WAY ---

---THERE'S NOTHING TO  
STOP ME FROM TAKING IT  
TO THE NEXT TOWN AND  
EXCHANGING IT FOR  
UNMARKED BILLS!

**SPLASH!**

BUT INSTEAD OF DROWNING HOPALONG,  
THE WATER REVIVES HIM ---

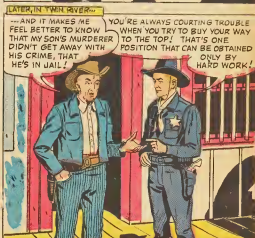
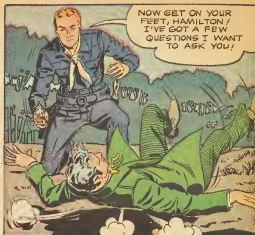
HAMILTON MUST HAVE GOT WISE  
TO MY SCHEME! I MUST CATCH  
HIM BEFORE HE EXCHANGES  
THOSE BILLS OR MY WHOLE  
PLAN WILL COLLAPSE! IF  
I CAN ONLY REACH THAT  
BUCKET---

MADE IT!



# SIX GUN HEROES





## ?!?!? QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY!  
SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:  
5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT-4 CORRECT, GOOD-3 CORRECT, FAIR, 2 CORRECT, POOR.

1. THE OFFICIAL COLORS OF THE U.S. MARINE CORPS ARE BLUE AND GOLD.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----



2. ANDREW JACKSON WAS BORN IN 1767.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----



3. A JOURNEYMAN IS A SKILLED WORKER.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----



4. MAINE WAS THE 40TH STATE ADMITTED TO THE UNION.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----



5. THE BATTLES OF LEXINGTON AND CONCORD TOOK PLACE ON APRIL 19, 1775.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----



## ANSWERS

1. FALSE. THE COLORS ARE SCARLET AND GOLD. 2. TRUE. 3. TRUE. 4. FALSE. IT WAS THE 23RD. 5. TRUE.

# Tumbleweed JR.

"Rock-A-Pie,  
Baby!"

(SNIFF, SNIFF) YUM, YUM! MAW IS BAKING  
PIES! ME LOVEUM PIES! ME GO GET SOME!  
ER, ME HOPE MAW LET ME HAVE PIECE!  
SOMETIME SHE NO LET ME EAT BEFORE  
DINNER! SHE SAY IT SPOIL  
APPETITE!

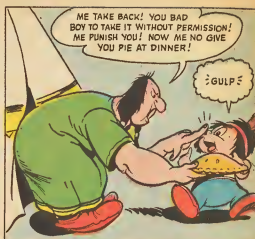
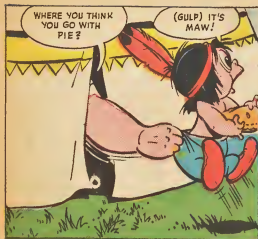
AH, ME IN LUCK! MAW  
PUT PIES OUT TO COOL! ME  
TAKE WHEN SHE GO INSIDE!  
NO TAKE CHANCE SHE  
SAY ME NO CAN  
HAVE PIE NOW!

MAW GO BACK IN  
TEPEE! NOW ME  
TIPTOE UP AND  
TAKE!

YUM, YUM! ME  
CAN TASTE  
DELICIOUS PIE  
IN MOUTH  
ALREADY!

PIE SMELL SO GOOD,  
MY MOUTH WATER!  
YUM, YUM!

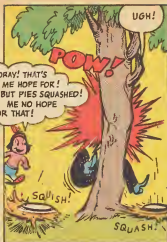
ME GO TO WOODS AND  
HAVE HEAP BIG PARTY EATING  
PIE! YUM, YUM!



# SIX GUN HEROES



I'M BLINDED!  
I CAN'T  
SEE!



UGH!

POW!

HOORAY! THAT'S  
WHAT ME HOPE FOR!  
(GULP) BUT PIES SQUASHED!  
ME NO HOPE  
FOR THAT!

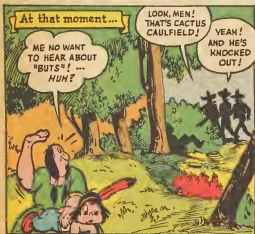
SQUISH!

SQUASH!



ME THOUGHT ME FIND YOU  
HERE, BAD BOY! ME GIVE YOU  
HEAP BIG SPANKING FOR  
EATING ALL PIES!

(GULP)  
BUT---

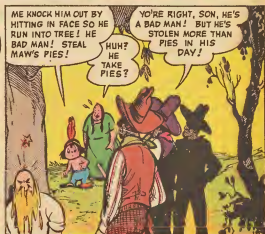


At that moment...

ME NO WANT  
TO HEAR ABOUT  
"BUTS"! ...  
HUH?

LOOK, MEN!  
THAT'S CACTUS  
CAULFIELD!

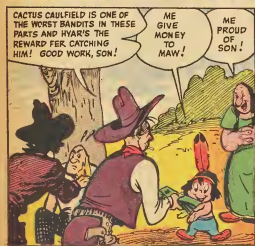
YEAH!  
AND HE'S KNOCKED  
OUT!



ME KNOCK HIM OUT BY  
HITTING IN FACE SO HE  
RUN INTO TREE! HE  
BAD MAN! STEAL  
MAW'S PIES!

HUH?  
HE  
TAKE  
PIES?

YO'RE RIGHT, SON, HE'S  
A BAD MAN! BUT HE'S  
STOLEN MORE THAN  
PIES IN HIS  
DAY!



CACTUS CAULFIELD IS ONE OF  
THE WORST BANDITS IN THESE  
PARTS AND HYAR'S THE  
REWARD FER CATCHING  
HIM! GOOD WORK, SON!

ME  
GIVE  
MONEY  
TO  
MAW!

ME  
PROUD  
OF  
SON!



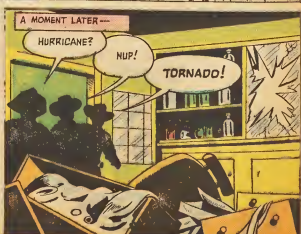
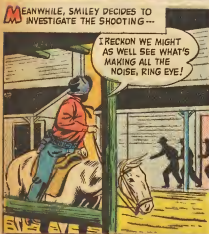
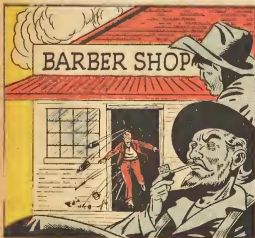
Later...

ME SORRY ME THINK  
YOU TOOK PIES! FROM  
NOW ON, YOU HAVE ALL  
PIES YOU WANT, LITTLE  
HERO!

YUM, YUM!  
THIS BEST  
REWARD  
OF ALL!



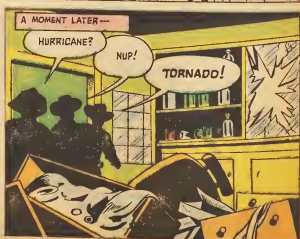
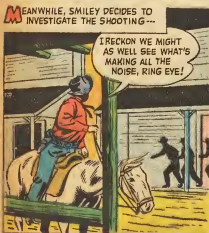
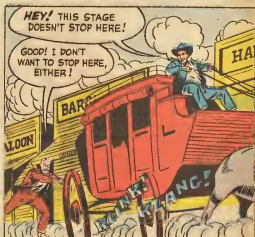
# SIX GUN HEROES





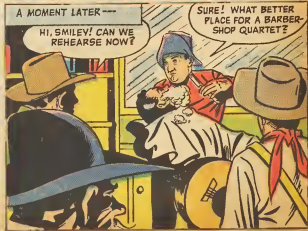


# SIX GUN HEROES





LATER, A NEW SIGN APPEARS  
ON MAIN STREET!

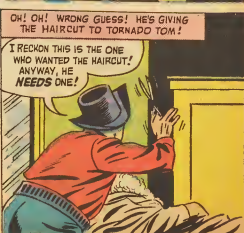




# SIX GUN HEROES



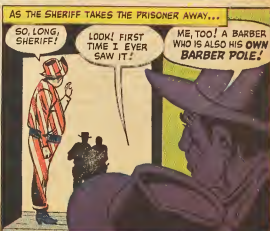
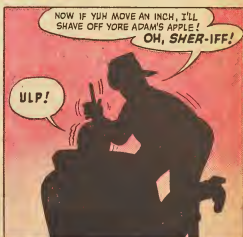






# SIX GUN HEROES





# SHADOW ON THE SOIL

By Walter Farmer



**S**ODBUSTER! The name riled young Jefferson Black so he'd bust the jaw of anyone who called him that. No matter how big. For young Jeff was strong, his fists were gigantic and his muscles were as hard as the rocks on Lost Man Ridge.

Ironically, he'd developed those muscles from sodbusting. Pitchfork, plow, rake, hoe—the tools of the farmer biting into the sun-baked earth—they had done more to develop Jeff's physical strength than could have ever been accomplished at the finest gymnasium in the world.

Jeff was forking the ground angrily, stabbing it, piercing it, jabbing it—his enemy! So intent was he on his work that he didn't hear the approach of the horse. He became aware of it only when a dark shadow loomed over him.

Jeff looked up to see a tall, hawk-nosed man with leathery skin looking down at him.

"Howdy," said Jeff.

The man failed to acknowledge the greeting. Instead he asked, "This your farm?"

"Belongs to my dad. He's laid up," said Jeff. "Say! That's a mighty nice horse you've got, Mister."

"Yup," said the man.

"And mighty nice guns," continued Jeff.

"They look nice and they work nice," said the man. "But they don't feel so nice when you're on the wrong end of them."

"Meaning?" asked Jeff.

"Meaning I've got a message for your old man. He's got until sundown to clear out. This is cattle land and we don't aim to have nesters on it. You tell your old man if he aims to stay here he is not going to stay on the land. He's going to be six feet under it!"

"But, Mister," Jeff protested. "Dad's laid up and—"

The man cut in rudely, "Save it! I've got no time to palaver with a *sodbuster*!"

Jeff's eyes blazed. His leg muscles became spring steel. He leaped forward and up, his knuckles hard and white. The rider slapped

at his holsters, but he was too late. It was perhaps the first time in the history of the West that a fist ever outdrew a gun!

The man rocked from the saddle and his shoulder blades plunged hard against the brown earth. He was out cold. Jeff looked him over, took certain precautionary measures, then went calmly back to his forking of the soil. He had his back to the fallen rider.

"Called me a sodbuster!" growled Jeff, as he jabbed the fork into the ground, pushed it with his flat-heeled farmer boot, turned the earth, and began over again a space away. "Sodbuster! Why couldn't I be a bronc-buster? Why'd dad have to be a farmer? Why'd he have to get laid up just when I was getting ready to go off and join a ranch? Or a round-up? Or a rodeo?"

"Those cowhands, they live the life! Riding, roping, shooting, traveling! Traveling, that's the ticket! They go to Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Kansas, all over. They see the world! They're not stuck on a measly homestead with a few measly acres and the same drudgery day after day."

**A**S HE dreamed on about the romantic life of the cowboy, Jeff's back was turned to the man he'd knocked out. He was unaware that the latter was stirring, opening his eyes, sitting up.

The man looked at the youth. The youth who had beaten him to the draw, fist against gun. There was mad hatred in his eyes. Slowly, silently he drew his Colt. He had a bead on Jeff's broad back. He squeezed the trigger.

The hammer clicked.

Jeff turned.

"Figured you'd probably want to shoot me, Mister," Jeff drawled. "That's why I took all the cartridges out of your Colt while you were unconscious. Now if you want to fight man to man, fist to fist, without guns, I'm ready. Just say the word. And the word is, *sodbuster*!"

The man's lips formed an oath, but he said nothing aloud. He called his horse, mounted.

and rode away. Before he had passed out of sight, he turned and shook a fist at Jeff.

"He'll be back—with friends," thought Jeff, as he turned once more to the job of sticking the fork in the ground. "Old Hawknose will be back and I reckon that'll be the end of dad and me."

As he bent automatically to his task, his heart was filled with conflicting emotions. "If I were a cowpuncher I wouldn't be involved in all this. The cowmen hate the farmers, but they wouldn't hate me because I'd be one of them. But if they try to run dad off this farm it'll be over my dead body. Dad has always been swell to me. He can't help it if he's a farmer. They can't run him off, especially when he's laid up."

After noon, Jeff hitched up the buckboard and drove to town. He entered the general store and began ordering supplies. He noticed that Old McVay, the storekeeper, seemed nervous in waiting on him. Then he noticed also that half a dozen cowmen were loitering on the other side of the store.

ONE of them spoke up, "What's the matter, boy, didn't you get the message? You won't need supplies. All farmers have to be out of Lost Man's Valley by sundown."

Jeff turned slowly and eyed the men. He picked out Hawknose. He pointed. "I got the message," he said. "In fact, that man delivered it."

Hawknose snarled, "The young whelp! He's too smart for his britches! Let's all jump him, boys, and give him a lesson!"

The others looked at Hawknose curiously. He was half a head taller than the youth and was armed.

Jeff moved slowly, deliberately toward Hawknose. The man backed to the wall.

Jeff was surprised to hear himself saying, "I'm a farmer, that's true. I was born a farmer. All my life I've resented it. I wanted to be a cowman and live a real exciting life. But if this man is a prime example of a cowman, I'm glad I'm not one!"

The other cowboys waited. They expected this audacious farmer to be shot down as he stood.

Hawknose whined, "He is not armed. I can't shoot him!"

"Well," said Jeff, "if you aim to shoot my dad at sundown, you'd better shoot me now, or it won't be too healthy for you at our spread!"

Hawknose said nothing.

Jeff continued, "If you're brave enough, just say the word. You know, *the word!* I'll start the fight and you can say you shot me in self-defense!"

Hawknose opened his mouth. He uttered, "S-s-soddb-b . . ."

That's as far as he got. His breath seemed to leave him. He fled from the store. The other cowmen stood by with open mouth.

One ejaculated, "Well, I'll be a ring-tailed coyote!"

Jeff turned to the others and growled, "If any of the rest of you want to say it, I'll tell you the word. It's *soddbuster!*"

The cowmen were silent, their eyebrows high. The storekeeper had long since ducked behind a counter, but was now peering cautiously over it, waiting for the shooting to start.

One of the cattlemen broke the silence by unstrapping his gunbelt and dropping it to the floor. He stepped toward Jeff. He was grinning.

"BOY," he said, "you've got more nerve than a Comanche Indian! My name's Poke Masters and after you knock my head off with one of them hams you've got for fists, I hope you'll have the decency to set me up a good tombstone. You can say on it, 'He died fighting a fearless soddbuster!'"

Jeff had heard the last word. His muscles tensed, his fist drew back. Then suddenly his hands hung limp at his sides.

"Poke!" he said at last. "My name's Jeff Black. I can't hit you. Somehow, soddbuster doesn't sound like a fighting word when you say it. It sounds honorable!"

"It is," grinned Poke. "You've made it that way. If anybody tries to run you off your land, I'll be at your side, fighting to prevent it."

THE END

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

LEND A  
HELPING  
HAND!

# Rocky Lane



NO ONE JAILS CURLY BROWN  
WITHOUT A REASON AND GETS  
AWAY WITH IT----NOT EVEN  
ROCKY LANE! YOU'RE GOING  
TO SLEEP PERMANENTLY!

**U**ndercover Marshal Rocky Lane's reputation for fairness has never been questioned! And yet, as Curly Brown proclaims, he was locked up without committing a crime! Why? For the spine-tingling answer read: *Rocky Lane Lends A Helping Hand!*

AT THE TORNADO CITY JAILHOUSE--

HELLO, SHERIFF BARKLEY! ROCKY LANE TOLD ME TO PASS THE WORD ON TO YOU. THE THREE DALTON BROTHERS WERE JUST HUNG FOR THEIR CRIMES!

THANKS, SAM!



OKAY, CURLY BROWN, NOW I CAN LET YUH GO.

YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO PUT ME BEHIND BARS IN THE FIRST PLACE--



--AND IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO, I'M GOING TO GUN DOWN THE CRITTER WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR IT, ROCKY LANE!

DON'T GO LOSING YORE HEAD, CURLY! THERE'S SOMETHING YUH OUGHT TO KNOW---



NEVERMIND, I'M FREE NOW,  
SO I DON'T HAVE TO LISTEN  
TO ANYBODY!

WAIT A  
MINUTE!



GOODBYE! THE DURN FOOL  
WOULDN'T LISTEN!  
AND I CAN'T GO  
AFTER HIM WITH  
THIS SHATTERED LEG!  
I'LL HAVE TO WARN  
ROCKY SOMEHOW!

**SLAM!**



SHORTLY AFTER, AT MA BROWN'S RANCH--

CURLY! IT'S SURE  
GOOD TO SEE YOU  
HOME AGAIN, SON!  
YOU CAN THANK  
ROCKY LANE  
FOR THAT.

ARE YUH PLUMB  
LOCO, MOM? THE  
ONLY THING FER  
WHICH I CAN THANK  
THAT UNDERCOVER  
MARSHAL IS PUTTING  
ME IN THE HOOSEGOV!



I AIM TO GIT EVEN WITH HIM!  
THE ONLY REASON I STOPPED  
HOME FIRST  
WAS TO PICK  
UP MY GUN!

CURLY! YOU  
DON'T UNDER-  
STAND! YOU'VE GOT  
TO LISTEN TO ME!

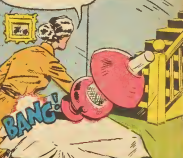


I DON'T HAVE ANY TIME FER  
LISTENING!

SON! COME  
BACK! YOU'RE MAKING  
A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!

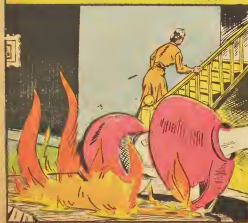


I'VE GOT TO WARN ROCKY!  
I'LL GET MY BONNET AND  
BE ON MY WAY!



IN HER EXCITEMENT, MA BROWN  
DOESN'T NOTICE THAT SHE'S KNOCKED  
OVER A KEROSENE LAMP---

AND AS SHE GOES UPSTAIRS TO FETCH HER BONNET--



MEANWHILE, IN THE  
NEARBY HILLS ---

THE CHIEF MARSHAL  
SAID THE MOMENT THE  
DALTON BROTHERS WERE  
DEAD, WE COULD HAVE A FEW  
DAYS VACATION, BLACKJACK,  
AND I'M GOING TO START OFF  
BY CATCHING FORTY  
WINKS!





THAT'S GOING TUB BE THE MOST PEACEFUL SLEEP YUH EVER TOOK, ROCKY, BECAUSE YO'RE NEVER GOING TO WAKE UP!



DID THE SECRET MARSHAL, ROCKY LANE, ACTUALLY LOCK UP CURLY BROWN FOR NO REASON? WHAT WERE THE SHERIFF AND MA BROWN TRYING TO EXPLAIN TO CURLY?

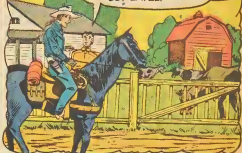
PERHAPS EVERYTHING WILL SEEM CLEARER IF WE MOVE THE CLOCK BACK ONE WEEK!

ONE WEEK AGO, AT MA BROWN'S RANCH--

YOU SENT FOR ME, MRS. BROWN?

YES, ROCKY! I NEED YOUR HELP! EVER SINCE MY HUSBAND DIED I'VE BEEN RUNNING THIS RANCH MYSELF AND AT THE SAME TIME TRYING TO BRING MY SON, CURLY, UP TO BE AN HONEST CITIZEN.

BUT LATELY---



AND ROCKY LISTENS ONCE MORE TO A FAMILIAR STORY--

--AND NOW CURLY DOES NOTHING BUT HANG AROUND THE GAMBLING CASINO! HE'S ALREADY LOST ALL THE HARD-EARNED MONEY I SAVED AND SINCE HE KNOWS I CAN'T PAY ANY MORE OF HIS GAMBLING DEBTS I'M TERRIBLY WORRIED ABOUT WHAT HE MAY TRY TO DO TO GET SOME MORE MONEY!

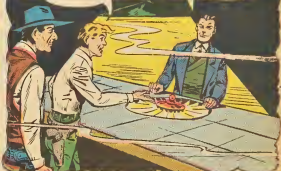
DON'T WORRY, MRS. BROWN! CURLY'S REALLY A GOOD BOY AT HEART! ALL HE NEEDS IS SOMEONE TO STRAIGHTEN HIM OUT! I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH HIM!



WHILE AT THAT TIME--

BUT IF YUH WON'T GIVE ME ANY MORE CREDIT, I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO WIN BACK WHAT I LOST!

THAT'S TOO BAD, CURLY, BUT I'VE GOT MY ORDERS! YOU'RE TO GET NO MORE CREDIT UNTIL YUH PAY WHAT YUH OWE!



HOLD ON, CURLY! IF YO'RE SO DESPERATE FER MONEY, WHY DON'T YUH JOIN UP WITH ME AND MY BROTHERS? WE COULD USE AN EXTRA HAND!

NO THANKS! I HEARD ABOUT THE DALTON BROTHERS, AND HIGHWAY ROBBERY ISN'T FER ME! I NEVER STOLE A THING IN MY LIFE!



WELL, IF YUH CHANGE YO'RE MIND, I HAVE ROOM RIGHT ABOVE THE SALOON! AND REMEMBER, NO ONE'S BEEN ABLE TO PROVE ANYTHING AGAINST ME AND MY BROTHERS YET!

SORRY, JED! BUT I'M NOT INTERESTED!



BUT THE MAD DESIRE TO GAMBLE KEPT BRINGING JED DALTON'S WORDS BACK TO CURLY'S MIND!

MAYBE I OUGHT TO PULL ONE ROBBERY---JUST BY MYSELF AND AFTER I WIN BACK ALL THE MONEY I LOST I CAN RETURN THE MONEY I STOLE!



THE HILLS WOULD BE THE BEST PLACE IN WHICH TO PULL A ROBBERY! I CAN HIDE BEHIND THE BRUSH AND ROB THE FIRST ONE TO RIDE BY!



SHORTLY AFTER--

THERE GOES SOMEONE NOW! I'LL JUST PUT ON MY MASK AND GET TO WORK!



YORE LIFE WILL BE SAFE IF YUH JUST HAND OVER ALL YORE MONEY!



WHY, IT'S ROCKY LANE!



BUT AS THE SECRET MARSHAL RAISES HIS HANDS--

HE KNOCKED THE GUN OUT OF MY HAND, I'D BETTER VAMOOSE!



BUT BEFORE CURLY CAN MOVE--



NOW STAND UP WITH YOUR HANDS RAISED AND TAKE THAT MASK OFF!



MY ONLY HOPE IS TO BLUFF MY WAY OUT OF THIS!

CURLY BROWN! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT, ROCKY? SURELY YUH DON'T THINK I ACTUALLY TURNED BANDIT? CAN'T YUH TAKE A JOKE?

I WOULDN'T PLAY THIS KIND OF JOKE AGAIN, CURLY! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS! YOU'RE LIABLE TO WIND UP WITH A BULLET BETWEEN YOUR EYES!

GOSH, ROCKY! YOU'RE RIGHT! I RECKON I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! NOW I MIGHT AS WELL BE GETTING ALONG!

HOLD ON! I WANT TO HAVE A TALK WITH YOU! YOUR POOR MOTHER IS TERRIBLY WORRIED ABOUT YOUR GAMBLING! SHE'S AFRAID YOU'LL GET INTO DEBT AND DO SOMETHING RECKLESS TO RAISE MORE MONEY!

THERE'S NO NEED TUH FRET ABOUT ME!

GAMBLING'S FUN WITH ME, NOT A HABIT! SO LONG NOW!



LATER, IN JED DALTON'S ROOM AT THE SALOON---

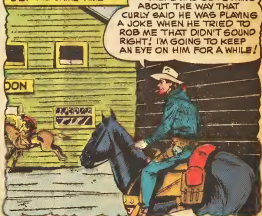
--AND SO I DECIDED TO JOIN UP WITH YUH AND YORE BROTHERS FER JUST ONE JOB, JED! I NEED MONEY, PRONTO!

YOU'LL NEVER REGRET JOINING UP WITH US, CURLY! MEET ME AND MY BROTHERS AT POINT LOOKOUT IN AN HOUR! I'LL LEAVE FIRST SO NO ONE WILL CONNECT THE TWO OF US!



AT THE SAME TIME--

THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY THAT CURLY SAID HE WAS PLAYING A JOKE WHEN HE TRIED TO ROB ME THAT DIDN'T SOUND RIGHT! I'M GOING TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIM FOR A WHILE!



HE'S LEAVING THE SALOON NOW!

LET'S TAIL HIM, BLACK JACK!



LATER--

I WONDER WHY HE'S STOPPING HERE, IN THIS OUT OF THE WAY SPOT?



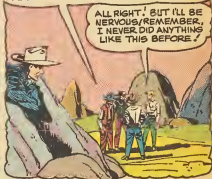
HE'S GOING BEHIND ONE OF THE BOULDERS! LET'S GET CLOSER, BLACK JACK!



IF I CLIMB TO THE TOP I'LL BE ABLE TO GET A CLEAR VIEW OF WHAT HE'S UP TO!



WE AIM TO HOLD UP THE STAGECOACH THAT LEAVES TORNADO CITY IN A HALF HOUR! WHEN IT REACHES THE FOOT OF THE HILLS, ALL YUH HAVE TO DO, CURLY, IS PRETEND TO BE A PASSENGER AND FLAG IT DOWN! LEAVE THE REST TO US!



ALL RIGHT! BUT I'LL BE NERVOUS/REMEMBER, I NEVER DID ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE!

AND I AIM TO SEE THAT YOU NEVER DO IT AT ALL, CURLY!



AS FOR THE DALTON BROTHERS, WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET SOME DEFINITE PROOF AGAINST THEM SO I AIM TO LET THEM ROB THE STAGE-COACH! CATCHING THEM IN THE ACT WILL BE ALL THE EVIDENCE WE NEED TO PUT THEM BEHIND BARS!

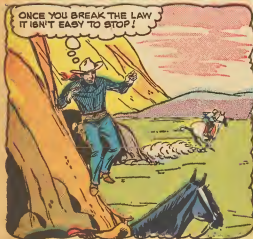


WHERE'LL I MEET YUH?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT US! YUH JUST GET STARTED AND MAKE SURE YUH DO YORE PART!



ONCE YOU BREAK THE LAW IT ISN'T EASY TO STOP!

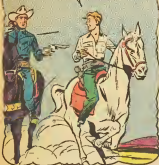


LET'S GO, BLACK JACK! WE'VE GOT TO CATCH CURLY AND MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T JOIN THE DALTONS!



CURLY BROWN! I'M PLACING YOU UNDER ARREST!

UNDER ARREST?  
WHAT FER?



YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH!



SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE JAILHOUSE---

I WANT YOU TO KEEP THIS MAN UNDER LOCK AND KEY, SHERIFF BARKLEY, FOR RESISTING LAW AND ORDER!

QUIET!  
ROCKY'S WORD IS AS GOOD AS GOLD AROUND HYAR!

THAT'S A LIE! I NEVER DID ANY SUCH THING!



ACTUALLY, HE'S COMMITTED NO CRIME, SHERIFF, BUT I WANT TO KEEP HIM HERE TO MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T! AS SOON AS HE SEES WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO THE DALTONS HE'LL REALIZE HOW STUPID HE WAS ACTING AND REFORM!

I SURE HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, ROCKY! BUT NOW IF WE'RE GOING TO CATCH THOSE DALTONS, I RECKON WE'D BETTER START!



SHORTLY AFTER---

THERE'S THE STAGECOACH, BUT I DON'T SEE ANY SIGN OF CURLY BROWN!

I RECKON HE LOST HIS NERVE!



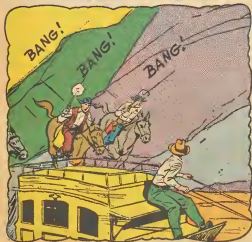
WE ARE STILL GOING TO ROB THAT STAGECOACH! FOLLOW ME!



BANG!

BANG!

BANG!



WHOA, WHOA!





AT THAT MOMENT--

ALL RIGHT, YUH DALTONS!  
THIS TIME WE'VE CAUGHT  
YUH IN THE ACT!

CURLY MUST  
HAVE DOUBLE-CROSSED  
US! START SHOOTING!



THAT SHOT HIT  
YOUR LEG!

I'LL TAKE CARE  
OF MY LEG! YUH GEE  
IF YUH CAN STOP THOSE  
VARMINTS! AND  
THE DRIVER IS  
WOUNDED, TOO!

UGH!

BANG!  
BANG!  
BANG!



THOSE BULLETS KEEP GETTING  
CLOSER AND CLOSER! I'LL HAVE  
TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!



HE SHOT OUR GUNS AWAY!  
SPEED IT UP, HORSE!

BANG!  
BANG!  
BANG!



YOU CAN MAKE YOUR  
STEEDS GO AS FAST AS  
YOU LIKE, BUT---



---THAT'S NOT GOING TO HELP  
ANY OF YOU ESCAPE!



ROCKY LANE RETURNS TO THE SHERIFF WITH  
HIS CAPTIVES!

THE DRIVER IS  
DEAD, ROCKY!

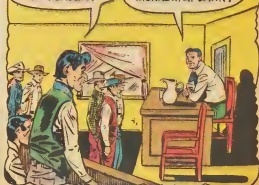
WE CAN HOLD THE DALTONS ON  
A MURDER CHARGE THEN,  
SHERIFF!



A FEW DAYS LATER---

AND WE, THE JURY, FIND  
THE DALTONS GUILTY  
OF MURDER!

I SENTENCE THEM  
TO BE HUNG BY THE  
NECK UNTIL DEAD TO-  
MORROW, AT DAWN!





**T**HAT WAS EXACTLY WHAT THE SHERIFF AND MA BROWN TRIED TO EXPLAIN TO CURLY, BUT HE WOULDN'T LISTEN! AND NOW---



BUT CURLY'S AIM IS BAD, AND--

HUH? WHAT'S THAT?  
I MISSED BUT I'LL GET HIM WITH THIS SHOT!



BUT BEFORE CURLY CAN FIRE--

THERE GOES MY RIFLE! I'D BETTER SCRAM!



IT LOOKS AS IF I MADE A MISTAKE TRYING TO REFORM YOU! IF IT'S TROUBLE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, I CAN GIVE YOU ALL YOU WANT!



**A**T THAT SECOND---

THOSE FLAMES! THEY'RE COMING FROM MY MOM'S RANCH!

LET'S GO! WE'LL SETTLE OUR DIFFERENCES LATER!



**W**HEN THEY REACH THE RANCH HOUSE--

HELP! HELP!  
THAT'S MY MA! SHE'S TRAPPED INSIDE!

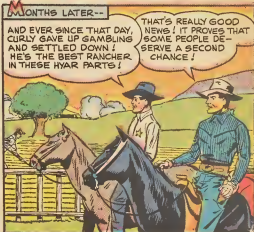
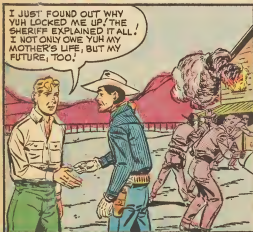


I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN REACH HER, BUT IT'S WORTH A TRY! MEANWHILE, YOU ROUND UP EVERYONE AROUND TO HELP GET THIS FIRE UNDER CONTROL BEFORE IT SPREADS!



THERE SHE IS! SHE MUST HAVE FAINTED!





## ?!?!? QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY!  
SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:  
5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT - 4 CORRECT, GOOD -  
3 CORRECT, FAIR - 2 CORRECT, FAIR.

1. HENRY CLAY WAS PRESIDENT  
ANDREW JACKSON'S  
VICE-PRESIDENT.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----

2. WALTER JOHNSON SET A  
RECORD BY PITCHING  
SEVEN SHUTOUTS IN  
OPENING DAY GAMES.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----

3. A YOEMAN IS A  
PETTY OFFICER  
ABOARD SHIP.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----



4. WHEN THE CONTINENTAL MARINES  
CAPTURED THE FORTRESS OF NEW  
PROVIDENCE, BAHAMAS, IN 1776,  
THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG  
OVER A FOREIGN FORTRESS  
WAS RAISED.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----

5. NEBRASKA WAS THE 37TH  
STATE ADMITTED TO THE UNION.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----

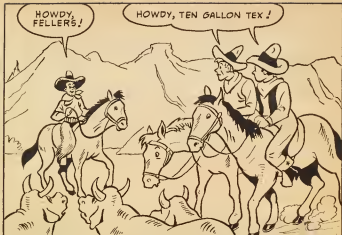


**ANSWERS**  
1. FALSE. JOHN C. CALHOUN WAS JACKSON'S VICE-PRESIDENT. 2. TRUE. 3. TRUE. 4. TRUE. 5. TRUE. ADMITTED IN 1867.

# TEN GALLON TEX



**EXPLOSIVE CRITTER**



HOWDY,  
FELLERS!

HOWDY, TEN GALLON TEX!

I'M GLAD YUH CAME ALONG,  
TEX! WE WERE JEST HAVING  
AN ARGUMENT 'BOUT  
WHAT'S THE GREATEST  
INVENTION IN THE  
WORLD!

THAT'S RIGHT!  
WE EACH SAY  
DIFFERENT  
THINGS!

SHUCKS, YUH CAN STOP  
ARGUING! THAR'S NO  
DOUBT 'BOUT WHAT THE  
GREATEST INVENTION  
IN THE WORLD IS!

OH YEAH!  
WHAT IS IT?



**DYNAMITE!**

HUH?  
AW, G'WAN,  
DYNAMITE  
ISN'T THE  
GREATEST  
INVENTION  
IN THE WORLD!

SHORE IT IS! THAR'S  
NOTHING IN THE  
WORLD---

--- CAN HOLD A CANDLE  
TUH DYNAMITE!  
HA, HA!

!!!



  
**WHIZ**  
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**Captain Marvel**  
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